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BATMAN AND SUPERMAN

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ACRY IN THE DARK

Gotham, the south side. A bitter winter evening in a neighbourhood not well-known for its warmth.



In its eighty or so years, the **Grand** has entertained all manner of guests. Some grand and some less so. But generally...



... its guests were at least **human**!



For the next three nights, bats descended on the Grand as if drawn to some call unheard by human ears.



Until...



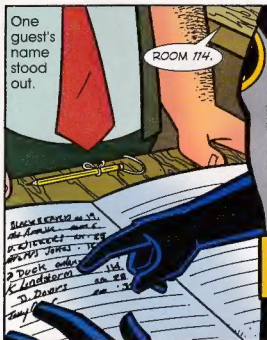
Summoned by
Commissioner Gordon,
Batman investigated.



SHOW
ME THE HOTEL
REGISTER.

SH-SURE!

One
guest's name
stood
out.



ROOM 114.



THIS...
LINDSTORM, WAS
HE ABOUT SIX FOOT,
WITH LONGISH
BROWN HAIR?

ER, YEAH.
YOU KNOW
HIM?



YES,
I KNOW
HIM.

In the Batcave, Batman analysed the liquid he had found in the hotel room.

WE'VE SEEN THAT CHEMICAL FORMULA BEFORE, I BELIEVE.

YES, ALFRED.

AND INSTEAD OF LINDSTORM, TRY *KIRK LANGSTROM*—



Kirk Langstrom was a scientist whose experimental serum had transformed him into a bat-creature. Batman had helped produce an antidote...

...but now he wondered if Langstrom had reverted to his monstrous other self. Eyewitnesses reported swarms of bats in a remote area far beyond the Gotham city limits.

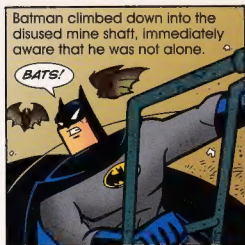


INDEED I DID, SIR. THERE USED TO BE MINE WORKINGS IN YOUR CURRENT VICINITY.

A PERFECT HOME FOR BATS...

...OR
MAN-BAT.







Batman's problem was two-fold. He didn't want to risk hurting Langstrom, who was himself a victim. But down here in the darkness...



...Man-Bat was in his element!



Batman removed a small device from his Utility Belt, which contained various crime fighting gadgets for different situations. For instance...



...a magnesium flare!



With Man-Bat temporarily blinded, Batman acted.



The antidote, which Batman had found in the hotel room, returned Kirk Langstrom to his human form.



I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A NEW BATCH OF ANTIDOTE IN CASE I TRANSFORMED AGAIN, BUT...

...IT HAPPENED SO QUICKLY.



I REMEMBER THINKING ABOUT YOU. TRYING TO GET A MESSAGE TO YOU.

IT WAS A CRY...



...A CRY IN THE DARK.



THE END



Bizarro makes his presence known in...

OPPOSITES 23T120990

At his desk in the busy news room of the *Daily Planet* newspaper, reporter Clark Kent was working hard on an assignment.

Suddenly, he looked up. His superhearing had heard a terrible crash from miles away. Someone was in trouble. In a flash, he was on his way out of the door.

A few moments later, just as reporter Lois Lane was making her way to her own desk, word reached the offices that there had been a terrible train wreck across town. As she hurried out to cover the story, Lois stopped by Clark's desk to see if he was interested. But all she found was a note on the desk saying "Gone to Lunch".

"Guess this scoop is mine," she chuckled as she hurried out.

Superman flew down to the site of the train wreck.

The train was lying on its side by the track and the dazed passengers were clambering out of it. There seemed to be no sign of what had caused this.

Superman dropped to the ground next to the shaken engine driver. "I don't understand!" he explained. "The tracks were blocked by a fallen tree, but we came to a stop with little harm done. Then the train was suddenly thrown over on its side!"

Superman was about to press the man for more answers when the cause of the problem suddenly became clear.

Bizarro emerged from behind the train. He looked like a twisted version of Superman. Created accidentally in Lex Luthor's secret laboratories, he was an experiment in cloning gone wrong. He had the same





powers, skills and all the strengths of the Man of Steel, but his opposite nature made him use them in reverse. Everything Superman did for good, Bizarro mimicked and got wrong.

Superman could guess what happened. When the train was derailed, Bizarro must have tried to "rescue" it as his hero, Superman, would have. But his imitation rescue would have involved throwing the stricken train off the tracks to stop it from hitting the tree.

Superman knew he had to restrain the misguided creature before somebody got seriously hurt.

"You must stop this, Bizarro," said Superman, trying to keep his voice calm and unthreatening.

But Bizarro immediately did the opposite and growled with rage. "Bizarro save train good!" bellowed the creature as he bent the steel rail tracks with his huge hands.

All around, people were fleeing the

scene, and even the police were terrified. They were powerless against such a menace.

At that moment, Lois arrived by taxi. The cab driver was so terrified he drove off without waiting for his fare. Lois scrambled across some rubble beside the track, her dictaphone in hand.

"This is Lois Lane reporting for the *Daily Planet*! I'm closing in on Bizarro, who seems to have caused a train wreck here in the suburbs of Metropolis! I hope I can get close enough to report the dramatic activities that are taking place this morning!"

Suddenly, a huge railway sleeper flew in her direction. Lois froze. There was a whoosh of wind and a blur of red, yellow and blue. Superman appeared like a cyclone, his powerful fists deflecting the flying block of wood and shattering it into pieces.

"Get clear, Miss Lane," said Superman. "This area is too dangerous for

a civilian to be exposed to."

"I'm no civilian," snapped Lois, and then ducked hard as more debris flew in their direction.

Superman swung around and smashed the flying fragments, and then zoomed like a rocket straight at Bizarro. Bizarro's rage was the opposite of Superman's calm as he smashed into nearby buildings.

He tried to grapple with Bizarro and pin his arms, but the creature sent him slamming back through the façade of a local bank. Then the entire building began to teeter and fall.

Superman grabbed hold of the building's front and supported it as the people inside fled to safety. He just about had the now-empty building propped up when Bizarro, copying but reversing his actions, flew at it and tore it into rubble.

"Now building never fall on people again!"

As Bizarro and Superman clashed, the shock wave rang around the ruined street. Bizarro's assault sent Superman flying. He smashed into a support pylon of the Metropolis bridge.

As he pulled himself free, he saw Bizarro coming his way, throwing cars out of his way as he rampaged towards the river.

I must be careful, thought Superman, everything I do will make him react in the opposite way. The harder I hit in order to subdue him, the fiercer he will react. If I'm not careful, there won't be a brick of Metropolis standing by the time this battle is over.

Superman also knew the impact of his landing had damaged the bridge pylon. He struggled to prop up the weakened section of the bridge.

But Bizarro immediately did the

reverse. In a second, the huge structure was swaying and creaking as Bizarro pounded it with his fists, intending to make it collapse into the river below.

"Bizarro make bridge stop shaking!"

Superman gasped in horror as he saw that both spans of the great bridge were crumbling and slipping towards the water below. Stone fragments shattered under Bizarro's unending assault. Several of the huge steel suspension cables had snapped and were whipping through the air.

As the left-hand span began to collapse, Superman soared in and supported it with his full strength, locking it back into place. But now Bizarro was attacking the right-hand span, and it too was about to fall into the river.

Lois had followed the battle on foot and was now racing out onto the bridge to get a good view of Bizarro's rampage. She was well onto the bridge when it started to crumble and collapse. She stumbled and fell. She would never make it back to safety in time.

Supporting the left-hand span, Superman thought fast... there was little hope he could get to Lois in time to save her. He saw that, apart from Lois, the bridge had been evacuated. The Man of Steel made his decision, and let go of the left-hand span, which thundered down into the water in a torrent of stone and steel.

Bizarro saw this and immediately grabbed hold of the right-hand span to keep it in place. Just as Superman had guessed, the poor brute would do the opposite of everything he did. Lois was saved... saved by the very monster that had threatened her life.

Superman swung around and zoomed down to carry Lois to safety.

Bizarro looked up in astonishment, slowly realising what he had done. But by then the Man of Steel had gathered up the thick steel suspension cables and wrapped Bizarro up in a knot that even he couldn't break.

"End of the line, Bizarro," said Superman.

When Lois Lane stumbled back into the *Daily Planet* offices, covered in dust and grime, Clark was back working at his computer, completing the story he had been working on earlier.

She slumped down into her chair.

"Busy day?" Clark asked.

"You have no idea," said Lois. "You really should get out there where the action is and chase some stories, Kent."

"Yes," said Clark, smiling knowingly. "I suppose I should."

THE END

